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For Zion's Herald.

LETTER FROM REV. J. M. BUCKLEY.

A SKETCH OF A TOUR IN IRELAND, CONCLUDED.

If my purse had possessed the miraculous power imparted to the widow's cruse, and if the ancient maxim, "tempus fugit," had proved false, I should have remained in Dublin much longer than I did; but neither of these hypotheses being true, I was constrained to order my course in harmony with those "stubborn things," which, under the unassuming name of "facts," often undermine our most splendid castles, blast our hopes, thwart our plans, and mock our desires, and turning my face northward, I took the cars for the ancient town of Drogheda.

The town is situated on both banks of the river Boyne, a beautiful stream, navigable for small vessels. The viaduct near the railway station is one of the most costly and imposing architectural works in the British Empire.

The battle-field memorable for the fierce conflict between James the Second and his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange, in which the latter was victorious, thirty thousand troops being brought into action on each side, is on the banks of the Boyne, but a little way from the town. It was decisive, and fought July 1, 1690. Within a few miles are the ruins of Monasterboice Abbey and Slane Castle.

The aspect of the town is very uninteresting, and its claims to the distinction of being the dirtiest place in the world, rival those of the city of Washington. There are several large mills here, the proprietors of which tyrannize over their operatives like slave masters, and they turn out their work; they were bare-headed, armed, necked, footed and legged, and a squall, forlorn looking set. At the hotel I ordered for dinner a mutton chop with potatoes, and was furnished an opportunity of testing my digestive machinery in more than one way. The waiter was a dirty, slovenly, and coarse, and on a previous occasion, precisely resembled in color, and on a previous occasion, precisely resembled in color, and on a previous occasion, precisely resembled in color.

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Here Edward Bruce was crowned king of Ireland. The scenery in the neighborhood, of which the Mourne Mountains form the background, is attractive, but the town is a single feature of interest. On a monument in the parish churchyard I read the following inscription: "As a tribute to the memory of Robert Burns, the national bard of Scotland, and in respect for the memory of his eldest sister Agnes, whose remains are entombed here, this monument has been erected by his friends and admirers." The greater part of the time I passed in this place was devoted to a tour of inspection among the huts and hovels of the peasantry. The filth which they contain is indescribable. Hogs, chickens, dogs and cats dwell together in loving unity in the houses with the peasants, besides an endless variety of animals not so apparent to the naked eye, while the human occupants were in a condition of nastiness only to be accounted for upon the assumption that they had all of the hydropic disease except the convulsions. But the recollection of these scenes is etched in its tendency, and I will dwell upon them no longer. From Dundalk I traveled fifty miles to Belfast.

As we left the former place, the bay of Dundalk, with many ships and smaller craft upon its quiet surface, was in full view, and formed a scene of beauty worthy the pencil of an artist or the pen of a poet. Soon we entered a deep cut some miles in length, through solid rock of the hardest and most flinty character; suddenly emerging, a landscape of surpassing loveliness appeared before us. The horizon was bounded by the lofty range of the Mourne Mountains, the highest summit of which is Slieve Donard, nearly twenty-five hundred feet high, and extending over a gentle slope five or six miles in width, and ten or twelve in length, were harvest fields of yellow grain, partly cut and stacked, and partly standing. The rain which had been falling for the greater part of the day had ceased, the sky was perfectly clear, and the rays of the setting sun fell upon the golden grain, producing a softened tint, which the pencil of Turner or Rubens could never represent on canvas. Women were scattered through the fields at work, and the whitewashed walls of the peasantry added to the beauty of the picture. Here the finest conception I had ever formed of the Irish landscape were fully equaled. But the rapid motion of the train soon carried us beyond the hills, and our way for some miles lay through a more uninteresting region—a tract of bogs—in which I saw many men and women at work taking out the turf or peat, which forms so large a part of the fuel of the country. At 10 P. M., we reached Belfast, and drove to the Imperial Hotel, the best in the city, of which it is sufficient to say that it is equal to the average of American hotels in the style of its accommodations, and unfortunately for the tourist, much superior to them in its charges.

The principal streets of Belfast are remarkably straight, wide and clean, and lined by buildings of a superior order, many of which are apparently new. Indeed, Belfast very much resembles an American city, and on inquiry I learned that its population had doubled during the past thirty years. Its chief business is linen manufactures; but there are large cotton mills, and considerable capital is invested in the manufacture of leather. There is a large export trade carried on with England by way of Liverpool, and with Scotland by way of Glasgow. At the Belfast Asylum for the insane, one of the most noted in Ireland, I witnessed an interesting and novel sight. One hundred of the patients of both sexes were drawn up in the main avenue, and before them stood a full brass band dressed in the red uniform of British soldiers. They were ordered for a walk, and the Superintendent, Dr. Stewart, informed me that the band music before them became inmates of the institution. The influence of such occupation and amusement must be highly beneficial, and although it would be natural to suppose that the wild vagaries of the unfortunate performers would lead to singular variations, yet they played in perfect unison, and with much skill. In this asylum I saw one of the most talented young ladies in all Ireland, the daughter of a clergyman of note, and able to speak seven modern languages with fluency. She was reduced to a condition of equal and apparent dementia, returned to behold. Thanking God again for my reason, I returned to the city, the route being in full view of an elevated mountain range, whose highest summit is called Divis. The whole of the city of Belfast stands on the territory of the Marquis of Donegal, to whom it was awarded by James the First when Belfast was a small village, and the ground rents now return that nobleman the princely revenue of a mil-

lion and a half of dollars per annum. While here I had the opportunity (but did not embrace it) of hearing H. G. Quinlan, Esq. He has been a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and now has joined the Plymouth Brethren, discarding his ecclesiastical ties, and renouncing his former affiliations. From such instability of reason, if not of faith, I humbly pray, "Good Lord deliver us." One such change may imply increasing light, wisdom or sincerity, but a succession of the unfortunate disposition of Reuben.

After a few days in Belfast I marked out a tour of a hundred miles to the Giant's Causeway, a brief sketch of which will conclude this letter. The first point of interest on the route at which I turned aside was Antrim. Here I visited Antrim Castle, the exterior of which is unattractive, though its interior is very well laid out and handsomely adorned. I walk a couple of miles to the banks of Lough Neagh, the largest of the Irish lakes, and "next to Lake Geneva in Switzerland, the largest in Europe." It is a beautiful sheet of water, but its scenery is tame in comparison with our own Lake Winnipegosis, whose banks display the most charming views in the world, and whose three hundred and fifty islands, rising from the sparkling water in every form, present attractions alike unique and unrivaled.

At the distance of four or five miles on the opposite shore I saw Shane's Castle, the seat of the O'Neils, a famous race of heroes, who for ages were the lords of Ulster. The same evening I caught a train for Coleraine, one of the most agreeable towns in Ireland. The views from the railway were charming, and we passed through some tracts of bog land, Coleraine has three or four thousand inhabitants, and contains nothing striking except a very large square, with an immense tower hall in the centre, and two or three large churches with huge square towers. The sole object of my journey so far to the north, as I intimated, being to visit

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY. I went to Port Rush, the nearest station to it. The next morning, I found a driving rain storm of the most desolate and disheartening character; but aware of the uncertainty of the climate, and the extensive character of the hotel, I determined to brave the storm, and accordingly rode seven miles in an open car to a point about two miles from the Causeway, which was as near to us as we could approach with a carriage. The road ran along the shore of the ocean; the rain greatly increased, and notwithstanding the howling winds, it was impossible to avoid a drenching. It was necessary to have a guide, and I secured one who had the reputation of being competent, and borrowing a pair of overalls, we set out on a dreary walk across the barrens. I was conducted first to a part of the mountain which rises precipitously from the ocean, from which the length of the columns on the opposite mountain could be seen, and I confess to a feeling of great disappointment. Such a formation would strike me as somewhat singular, but hardly worth going twenty miles to see. The columns appeared to be forty or fifty feet high, though the guide represented them as being somewhat higher. He then led me by a rocky descent, known as the Shepherd's Path, to the foot of the promontory; on so wet a day it was not only very unpleasant but really perilous, and the guide himself fell and was dashed with considerable violence against the stones. Soon after making this descent, the Giant's Organ was pointed out. This is really much like the organ which is called; and the columns of the organ were so formed as to resemble exactly an immense organ with the larger and smaller pipes. It is very surprising that such columns should have been thrown fortuitously together. At length we reached the Causeway itself, and though in all respects dissimilar to what I supposed an object of wonder and admiration, it transcended everything which I have seen. I fancied that it consisted of immense pillars or columns rising hundreds of feet perpendicularly out of the water. The columns undoubtedly extend many feet into the earth, but the Causeway consists of a vast pavement formed of thousands and hundreds of thousands of columns of rock of all sizes and shapes, and yet perfectly regular. Some are octagonal, some are septagonal, others square, and I saw one prism. The Causeway cannot be described to one who has not seen it so as to convey a correct idea. Bayard Taylor's description, though charming, is delusive. And in the latter respect, this will without doubt resemble it. The longer I gazed upon it, the more profound was my wonder. There are three distinct causeways separated by a peat bog of five hundred feet high, and extending over a gentle slope five or six miles in width, and ten or twelve in length, were harvest fields of yellow grain, partly cut and stacked, and partly standing. The rain which had been falling for the greater part of the day had ceased, the sky was perfectly clear, and the rays of the setting sun fell upon the golden grain, producing a softened tint, which the pencil of Turner or Rubens could never represent on canvas. Women were scattered through the fields at work, and the whitewashed walls of the peasantry added to the beauty of the picture. Here the finest conception I had ever formed of the Irish landscape were fully equaled. But the rapid motion of the train soon carried us beyond the hills, and our way for some miles lay through a more uninteresting region—a tract of bogs—in which I saw many men and women at work taking out the turf or peat, which forms so large a part of the fuel of the country. At 10 P. M., we reached Belfast, and drove to the Imperial Hotel, the best in the city, of which it is sufficient to say that it is equal to the average of American hotels in the style of its accommodations, and unfortunately for the tourist, much superior to them in its charges.

Some poet has written a stanza not altogether unworthy of the theme, which I here record: "Dark of the foam white waves, The Giant's Pier the sea of tempest waves; Of clustering columns wedged in dense array, With skill like no other, and with power like no other, The Causeway, dome of the sea, and the sea, The work of mortal or immortal hands." The guide did well, and I paid him three shillings. Every individual with whom I had any dealings in this vicinity was a fearful liar. Before returning to Port Rush, I went to the most extended point of the promontory of old Benger, and warmed myself by a peat fire in the most northerly house in all Ireland. This turf or peat makes a very good fuel, and is equal to good wood. It is preferred by its use as evidence of poverty, but it is inferior to wood in coal, and is nearly as expensive. It is certainly free from the smoke and soot of the coal, and makes a bright and cheering fire. It is cut and piled in short pieces, about the size of ordinary fire wood when prepared for parlor stoves, and is sold at two English shillings per cart load. On the way back I turned aside to visit Dunluce Castle, which is one of the most gloomy and desolate ruins in the world. Taylor's description of it is beautiful and accurate. The castle was built upon a rock, connected with the main land by a bridge of some two feet wide. Nothing more grand in its isolation can be imagined than that isolated rock with its ruined fortress, and the dismal rain and moaning sea gave me a melancholy pleasure, accompanied by a sense of the sublime.

It is well known that Dr. Clarke was born near Port Rush, and a monument has been erected there to his memory. I proceeded to examine it, and was very sorry to be compelled to pronounce it a shabby affair. It is constructed in the usual form, square on a large base, built of coarse granite in small blocks, cemented with rough mortar, and at the distance of half a mile looks very much like the chine-

ney of a cotton or woolen factory. I understand that it is in contemplation to erect a statue of Dr. Clarke upon the summit, which would be a great improvement. The inscription is very appropriate: "Look, reader, at this monument, and learn that youth consecrated to God, unwavering integrity of life, zeal for the common good, and diligent improvement of mind and talent, can raise the obscure to renown and immortality."

No more brilliant illustration of that sentiment ever lived than Dr. Adam Clarke, who was born in that remote and beautiful region, of a most obscure family, and rose to positions which not one man in a million can ever attain. After a journey of a hundred and twenty miles, I embarked in the Royal Mail Steamer Lynx for Glasgow, and thus ended my wandering in the Emerald Isle. I left its shores with more respect than I had before visiting it. The peasantry are dirty, so are all peasants. They will flatter, so will the mass of mankind. They love Irish whiskey, but they are not more ignorant, nor indolent, nor untruthful, nor licentious, nor intemperate, than the average peasant of Europe. It is more a deliriously formed opinion that they are more moral than the lowest classes of the most civilized nations. This paper must be a first class religious newspaper, not a two-penny concern. For the day has gone by when simple cheapness pays. And the public do, and have a right to, demand of such a church as ours that we shall not ask them to patronize meanness, or even mediocrity. But enough of this. It may seem to be a falling off to say again, that we ought to have a Book Depository in St. Louis. You can now go there and get Catholic books in any quantity, or Episcopalian books, or even Congregational or Presbyterian or Unitarian books. But in a city of almost 200,000 people, you cannot get a Methodist book—unless by accident—without giving your order to Bro. Maslin and waiting nearly two weeks for him to express it for you from Cincinnati. I know he has a few Sunday School books and some Hymn Books, thanks to the Agents at Cincinnati, who are almost discharging the unseemly resolutions of the last General Conference by so doing. The thing is simply a shame. It is said, "A Depository will not pay." Of course it will not pay till the preachers work. And how are men to work, and buy and sell books, for which they must send a thousand, or even five hundred miles, and order in small packages, and get these packages three weeks after the order brought by express through wind and water, wrapped in paper? Put a Depository in St. Louis and in the most public place, and put a big sign with big gold letters, "METHODIST EPISCOPAL BOOK DEPOSITORY," and put your books there, and then put in a live man—"BRO. MASLIN," if you please—to sell them, and let him have a newspaper to scatter the news, and power to advertise everywhere, and see if the thing will not pay. Any miserable, stingy soul can be a miser and get rich by hoarding a penny at a time. But it takes a stirring, wise, benevolent man to get rich by scattering and doing good as he goes along. And the wisest of men say that such a scattering does increase, while the withholding more than meets need to poverty.

It seemed to me proper to write a few of these things from this standpoint. Our church has eminently been a pioneer church, for which I praise God daily. But we have too often lost the fruit of our pioneer labors by not sending men to reap where our advance guard has sown. Our preachers are to day in Missouri and Arkansas sowing the seeds of churches, of schools and colleges, and of spiritual prosperity. Let us not then, and even before them, at least along with them, the Bishops to guard and establish those churches, the newspapers to instruct and to mould the institutions and to fashion and enlighten the people, and the good books of our excellent literature to build them up in all knowledge and true holiness. And do not let us hesitate, even if it does cost much annually, and continues to cost for half a generation.

Yours, &c., ROBT. ALLYN.

THE CHRISTIAN AND HIS BORO.

True faith, producing love to God and man, Says, Echo is not mine, but God's plan? The Gospel plan.

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show? By doing good to all, both friend and foe? But if a brother hates and loves him still, Love him still.

If he my failings wishes to reveal, Must I his faults as carefully conceal? But if my name and character be blast, And cruel malice, long and time last; And if sorrow and affliction long, To let me know I have done wrong; In this communion, this peculiar case, Sweet Echo, say, must I still love and bless? Still love and bless.

Whatever usage I may receive, Must I be patient still, and still forgive? Why, Echo, how is this? I don't sure a dove! Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love! Nothing else but love!

Am I with all my heart, then let be so? 'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know: And now to practice them, I'll directly go.

Things being so, wherever we project, My gracious God we surely will reject.

Henceforth I'll roll on him my every care, And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer. Embrace in prayer.

But after all these duties I have done, Next I'll point of heaven through Jesus' blood alone! Through Jesus' blood alone!

Echo, enough! thy counsel to the dove ear; A sweeter than the dove's voice; Thy wise instruction, lessons to me well: I'll go and practice them. Farewell, farewell. PRACTICE THEM. Farewell, farewell.

For Zion's Herald.

AT HOME AGAIN, FROM THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Through the kind providence of Him who protects his servants from the "pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday," we are grateful to be at home again, though somewhat worn with hard labor for the welfare of the worthy deacons of our country. But O what a privilege, what a blessing to carry the word of life to our soldiers, to introduce them to the Captain of our salvation, and induce them to enlist under the blood-stained banner of the cross, to give them intellectual food for the mind and soul, to carry them those physical comforts adapted to their necessities in time of sickness, to low at the bedside of the dying, and plead an answer to the distant mother's prayers, and commend the departing spirit of the dying patriot to God! Who would not be a delegate of the U. S. Christian Commission?

Go, ye heralds of the cross and give your services for six weeks to the soldiers under the direction of the Christian Commission, and great will be your reward in heaven. We have many interesting incidents treasured up worthy of notice. A young man of eighteen years from Michigan had been in the hospital but a few weeks. I learned one day that he was failing, and his recovery doubtful. I hastened to his side. "O," said he, "I am very sick, pray for me." "Have you a Christian mother?" "O yes, my father and mother and sisters are good Christians. I have a brother a preacher of the gospel; I have often wished I was a Christian, but I am afraid

I am not." We prayed with him. He offered a fervent, intelligent prayer for himself, as one that had prayed before. "Will you read to me?" We turned to the 14th chapter of St. John. As I read slowly, he would anticipate me. I found him familiar with Christ's precious words. Later in the day I was with him on one side of his bed, the matron on the other; he looked up with a smile, "Here is a good minister of the gospel on one side, and a sister of the soldier's cause on the other. How I should like to see father, mother, sisters, brothers; but O it is good to be here, it is good to be here." Much of the afternoon was spent with him in prayer, conversation and singing, in which he joined most earnestly. I stood over him the last hour he lingered this side the flood. Some time before he died he called the wardmaster to him; lifting his arms, exclaimed, "Hold down your face close to mine, I want to kiss you." Looking up, he said, "I love everybody." He prayed again, said he felt willing to die, but not so clear as he desired. He seemed very much exhausted, and his nurse told him to try and sleep, and rest a little. He was turned on his left side, and folding his arms, in a low voice he offered the child's prayer, every word distinctly.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; If I should the Lord I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

These were the last words that fell from the lips of the dying soldier. He slept quietly, but it was soon the sleep of death. In about ten minutes he was gone, and we trust his last prayer was answered. After offering an appropriate prayer for the occasion, we left the dying scene, more than ever impressed with the importance of parents bringing up their children in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," as the experience of this young man in his last hours gave evidence of that early religious training by Christian parents which seldom fails to crown the dying hour with peace.

FINISH YOUR WORK.

Finish your work, the time is short; The night is coming down—still then. Think not of rest.

Yes, finish all your work, then rest; 'Till then, rest never; The rest prepared for thee by God. Rest forever.

Finish your work, then wipe thy brow; 'Till then, rest never; The rest prepared for thee by God. Rest forever.

Finish your work, then sit thee down On some celestial hill, And of its strength-renewing air Take thou thy fill.

Finish your work, then go in peace; Life's battle fought and won. Hear from the throne the angel's voice, "Well done! well done!"

Finish your work, then take thy harp, Give praise to God above; Sing a new song of mighty love, And endless love.

Give thanks to him who held thee up In all thy path below; Who made thee faithful to death, And crown's thee now.

For Zion's Herald.

CONSERVATISM AND RELIGION.

Having attended in my last to show that a want of definite instruction in one of the prominent causes of a decline of Christian holiness, permit me in this communication to introduce to your readers' notice her twin sister, Conservatism, with another called Compromise, who are quite as effective in paralyzing the vital power of godliness in our Zion. These last, if they are not the legitimate offspring of the first-named foe, are evidently identical in their designs and tendencies, as well as in the results of their influence. Their relation to each other may be illustrated by physical and mental disease in the human person: While it is difficult to tell which is the cause of the other, it is easy to see that they mutually engender and augment each other's power for evil. Philosophically speaking, conservatism is the principle, and compromise may be considered the logical effect; but both may be restricted within due bounds of propriety by the higher principle of Christian integrity. Hence, conservatism may be often invoked to make peace by compromise, in matters of expediency alone, but must never be allowed to tamper with settled principles of conscience. For, as the holy apostle hath said, "if our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things." Peace with men or peace with the spirit of the world involves a loss of thousands of times greater than war, which is purchased at the expense of a good conscience. This great truth appears the more impressive when on the other hand we learn by the same inspired teachings that "if God be for us, who can be against us." In such a case a Christian can well afford to be at war with all the foes of God in this and the nether world.

But to guard against all possible mistakes in this matter we should see to it that our consciences are enlightened and controlled by the spirit of God. Such a conscience sets enthroned in the heart to test the moral quality of our thought and action, and decides all cases of appeal from the lower courts of conservatism and expediency, subject only to an appeal for final decision at the judgment seat of Christ. It seems, therefore, clear that the rightful province of conservatism, where alone can be useful, is restricted to the temporal economy and conventional affairs of the church; but when she carries her strategic movements into the inner kingdom of "righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," what does she become but an interloper and traitor in Zion?

Now for an application: As it seems to be admitted by our extended communion that the doctrine and General Rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as contained in her Discipline as taught and exemplified by the fathers, are in accordance with the word of God, and are written by the Spirit of God on all truly awakened hearts, it is important that they should still be defended, and in case of infraction and general delinquency, that a note of alarm should be sounded and an earnest call issued from the walls of her Zion to come to her rescue. The infraction of her rules and her delinquency in holy living to a great extent I suppose is admitted and lamented, but this alone does not ensure a remedy. The cause or causes must be detected and removed, and then the effort will cease. Indefinite instruction has already been named as one cause; and now we bring forward conservatism as another. In other words, a fear of giving offense; an exorbitant, over-weening love of peace.

It is this, or it is not, that chains the lips of so many of our preachers and members in repeating sin, and in making earnest and frequent appeals in private conversation as well as in public discourse, for sinners to give their hearts to God, and thus "flow the wrath to come?" Is it not this that convicts at the delinquencies in family and private devotion and in attendance upon the social means of grace among us? Is it not this that has so immensely extended the area of our festivities and convivial recreations? Is it not this that in alluding to our own experience has kept us from struggling mightily for full salvation, and then causing a quiet self-satisfaction in describing our spiritual state in such general terms as to give no offense to the fastidious tastes of merely civilized minds, or as to impress them very deeply that such a work of grace is a new creation? And, lastly, is it

not this conservatism feeling of timidity in the watchman charged with the administration of gospel discipline in the church, that permits the display of vanity and alarming extravagance in her members to go unrebuked and unmentioned?

If this view of the subject is true, then is not the conclusion inevitable that conservatism, with her kindred handmaids, expediency and compromise, cannot safely be admitted as counsellors in the spiritual affairs of the church of God? OLD ITINERANT.

Brooklyn, Feb. 27, 1864.

For Zion's Herald.

MAINE CONFERENCE—LAY DELEGATION.

The position of the Maine Conference in regard to the question of Lay Delegation, as the question now stands, is somewhat equivocal. The vote of the Conference in 1862 was against lay delegation by a moderate majority. At the session of 1863 a report was adopted without opposition and without debate, embracing a resolve declaring that the Conference "is in favor of lay delegation." It would be marvelous if the Conference had become unanimously converted so suddenly and with so little agitation of the question amongst its members.

Should the question be again brought before the Conference, a considerable adverse vote would probably be given, perhaps amounting to a majority. The writer does not presume to speak for the Conference, but he does not hesitate to express the opinion that a majority of the Conference are in favor of lay delegation with such safeguards as will prevent any serious damage to our itinerant system, provided that the laymen of the church desire it. From a somewhat extensive conversation with both laymen and ministers in different parts of the Conference, the writer believes that the laymen of our church are more averse to any material change of our system in this respect than the preachers. Some intelligent laymen are decidedly opposed to the contemplated change, on the ground that a fair and equal representation of the laity in either the Annual or General Conference is impracticable.

In regard to the extension of the term of ministerial service, there is undoubtedly a growing conviction that the time has come for this change. Such, Mr. Editor, according to your request, are the writer's own individual impressions; they may go for what they are worth. S. ALLEN.

Wilton, March 5, 1864.

MISSOURI CONFERENCE LOVE FEAST.

Extract from Rev. Robert Allen's letter to the Western Christian Advocate.

BROTHER ING.

One preacher, Bro. Ing, formerly a captain in the army, who was yesterday ordained to the office and work of elder, said in substance: "Two years ago to-day I stood among the whizzing bullets, and under the burning bomb, and before the screaming shells of the battle of Pea Ridge. I prayed with much faith as I ever exercised in prayer meeting; that I might be safe and that we might conquer; and I felt as sweet a peace as I ever felt in a love feast. I knew I was serving God and fighting the devil then, and was assured that I not only should be safe, but that we should be victorious. And when I saw a colored man leap from his horse and heard him say to a major, 'We are gone,' I knew that he had not prayed as I had. I took the word because the angel had driven me off my work, and I felt that my gospel plough could never be put into our soil till slavery was destroyed, root and branch. And now, when it is dead, I have laid aside the carnal weapons, and under the burning bomb, and before the screaming shells of the battle of Pea Ridge. I prayed with much faith as I ever exercised in prayer meeting; that I might be safe and that we might conquer; and I felt as sweet a peace as I ever felt in a love feast. I knew I was serving God and fighting the devil then, and was assured that I not only should be safe, but that we should be victorious. And when I saw a colored man leap from his horse and heard him say to a major, 'We are gone,' I knew that he had not prayed as I had. I took the word because the angel had driven me off my work, and I felt that my gospel plough could never be put into our soil till slavery was destroyed, root and branch. And now, when it is dead, I have laid aside the carnal weapons, and under the burning bomb, and before the screaming shells of the battle of Pea Ridge. 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Sore Throat, Eruptions, Eruptions,
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Power and Age Inflamed Eyes,
Eyes, Itching or Blind, Bleeding,
Ophthalmia, Weak or Inflamed Eyes,
Stomach, Indigestion, Stomach,
Whooping Cough,
Asthma, Nervous, Difficult Breathing,
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General Accumulation, or Nervous
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